

Messages of the Love of God



Chan's Journey

Chan had stumbled and fallen heavily, breaking his leg two weeks previously. In the little village where he lived, there was no proper surgical aid. Lying on the hard mattress in his little cottage, Chan decided on a plan which at first seemed wildly foolish, but he determined to carry it out.

Forty miles away was a hospital where he had been told the white foreign doctor was doing wonderful things for sick and injured folk.

But how could Chan expect to endure a journey of 40 miles, dragging himself along as best he could? Yet it was better to die on the road than linger miserably like this. So he made up his mind. Gathering together a little store of food for the journey, and after burning a stick of incense with a prayer that the gods might help him, Chan started out.

For 14 days he dragged his way painfully over the road of stones. Scorched with the burning heat of the sun by day and chilled at night, living on his scanty store and begging help

from an occasional passer-by, Chan lost count of time, living through one weary day after another.

"May the gods have pity on me!" he groaned, as he rested on the roadside one afternoon.

Three days later the doctor in the missionary hospital was surprised when one of his Chinese attendants called him to come and see a man at the gate who had crawled 40 miles in 17 days with a broken leg in order to see the honorable doctor.

His clothes torn and covered with dust, Chan was tenderly lifted and carried inside. There he received the skilled medical attention he needed so badly; there, too, he heard for the first time the story of Jesus, the Saviour who loved sinners and who was able to save.

Six weeks later Chan walked out of the hospital strong and well again. But not only was he changed outwardly, but an inward work had been done in his soul, for he had responded to the message of love that was told out in the gospel. He had come to know and love Jesus who he learned had died to put his sins away. Now he was going back to his own village eager to carry the message of salvation to his people at home.

Four years passed. Chan had faithfully gone on for the Lord and won many to the Saviour. Seventeen had asked to be baptized — one for each day of that unforgettable journey. Was the journey worthwhile? Ask Chan.

"Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for His Son from heaven." 1 Thess. 1:9, 10.

How Rags Was Spared



Rags was a little wire-haired terrier, with a rough head and big brown eyes. She belonged to the Martindale family and was a special favorite of little Barbara. Both Barbara and Rags were five years old and had been brought up together.

They lived in India in a white bungalow with a lovely wide sunny veranda in front. One day when Daddy was coming home, Rags dashed out to meet him and badly cut her little moist black nose on the screen wire. It became infected, and they had to take her to the vet. Rags was in such great pain that the kind vet only shook his head saying he could not do anything for her. He said she would have to be put to sleep for she would die anyway.

Little Barbara cried her heart out at the thought of losing her playmate.

"Don't cry, darling," said Mother. "We'll ask the Lord Jesus to make Rags better if it is His will."

Together they knelt down and prayed. Barbara was just a little girl, but she knew and loved the Lord Jesus and somehow she felt sure in her little heart that He would answer their prayer.

The next morning when Mother went to see the vet, he told her sadly, "We have just put her to sleep. Her pain was so great this morning that I felt it was cruelty to keep her alive."

Mother looked down heavy-hearted

at the stiff little body of Rags and thought of her little girl's hope.

That evening little Barbara was trying to forget her grief by playing on the veranda when up the steps came the vet — *and Rags!* — not dead, but a very much alive little Rags, who frisked and tumbled about her small mistress with joyous abandon.

Smilingly the vet explained:

"She fell down on the floor when we gave her ether, and we thought she was dead. But 20 minutes after you had gone, Mrs. Martindale, I went back and found her sitting up! I believe her nose will heal completely."

And it proved to be true. Rags is an old dog now but is well and happy.

After that experience little Barbara, when she knelt to pray at night, would say: "Lord Jesus, bless Daddy and Mommy; help me to be a good girl; and I thank Thee for making Rags better."

Isn't That Good?



Mr. Martin was sitting in the big railway station in Detroit waiting for the train. An old man came and sat down beside him. In a few moments Mr. Martin turned and offered him a gospel tract, and this started a conversation between them.

The old man said he had come to Detroit to see a doctor, because he had been feeling very sick. The doctor had just told him that nothing could be done and that he only had about four months to live.

"And are you not afraid to die?" Mr. Martin asked.

"Oh, no, I am not afraid to die."

"Why not? Are you sure you are going to heaven?"

"Yes, I am sure. I have lived all my

life in the north of Michigan, and neither my wife nor myself can read. I had never heard a sermon since I left home as a boy, and we had no Bible in our home. Our own little boy, Donald, went to school up there and learned to read. Then one day a man spoke to him on the way home from school and gave him a Testament to read. Every evening after that, we would all sit around the supper table and Donald would read to us from the Testament.

One night he was reading in 1 Timothy 1 until he came to verse 15: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.'

"When I heard that wonderful verse, I well remember I called out, 'Stop! Stop! Wife, isn't that good? We are sinners and Christ Jesus came into the world to save us — isn't that good?'"

"And right then we both knelt down beside the supper table and thanked God for His great gift which in simple faith we had just accepted."

Perhaps, dear reader, you have often heard that wonderful verse before. You may even be able to quote it and many others from memory. But have you ever knelt down and thanked God for sending the Lord Jesus to die for *you*?

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." 2 Cor. 9:15.

The Indian Chief

The Indian chief flung himself off his horse outside the little mission station and entered the building. As he listened to the "old, old story of Jesus and His love," the heart of this native man was deeply touched so much that he suddenly rose, walked up the aisle of the little wooden building, and laying down his hunting knife on the table before the missionary said,

"Indian chief give his knife to the Lord Jesus."

Presently as the missionary was talking of the wonderful miracles which the Lord Jesus did while He was on earth, the chief rose again and



walking up the aisle laid his tomahawk on the table.

"Indian chief give his tomahawk to the Lord Jesus," he said and went back to his seat.

The preacher went on to tell of the cruel mockings and scourging which the Lord Jesus endured. Again the chief rose and going outside for a moment, he untied his fine horse and led him clanking up the aisle.

"Indian chief give his horse to the Lord Jesus," he said quietly and went back.

And then the missionary told the story of the cross and of how the Lord Jesus died to put away sins.

Once more the chief rose and walked up the aisle.

With tears in his eyes he said, "Indian chief give himself to the Lord Jesus."

"For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then were all dead: and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." 2 Cor. 5:14, 15.

Scripture Alphabet

Try to complete these names. They will be found in the chapters shown.

D—— The most northern tribe of Israel. (see map)

D——— She was greatly mourned when she died. Acts 9.

D——— Slew Goliath. 1 Sam. 17.

D——— Would not eat the king's meat in Babylon. Dan. 1.

D——— The fifth book of the Bible.

Driven From the Garden



God planted a beautiful garden and put Adam and Eve there. They were very happy, but Satan, that wicked old serpent, came in to spoil their happiness and to ruin God's fair creation.

God had said they could eat the fruit of any tree in the garden except "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." If they ate of that tree, they would surely die.

Now the serpent was very cunning, and he told Eve that they would not die. Instead they would become wise like God Himself. Poor Eve believed Satan's lie instead of God, and she ate the forbidden fruit. She gave some to Adam and he ate, too. At once they knew they were naked, for sin had given them a bad conscience. They sewed fig leaves together and made aprons to wear.

Soon they heard God's voice as He walked in the garden, and they hid from His presence behind the trees. "Where art thou?" God asked. "Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?" Adam then blamed Eve, and Eve blamed the serpent.

God put a curse on the serpent. He told Eve she should have pain and sorrow. Adam, He said, would have to work hard for a living, for earth would no longer be like this beautiful garden. He would die and his body return to dust.

But God loved them in spite of their disobedience and covered them with coats of skins in place of their fig leaves. Then He sent them forth from the garden, never to return, for He placed angels with flaming swords to guard the way to the tree of life.



**"That
Proves
I'm
Saved"**

Old farmer Giles was converted at a gospel tent meeting in his village. But when he got home again, Satan came and whispered to him that he was not saved at all — he couldn't *really* be saved. So down the old farmer got on his knees and asked the Lord Jesus to give him back the assurance of his salvation.

This went on for some time — one day the old farmer would feel sure he was saved, but the next Satan had him in doubt about it. At last he got tired of Satan's wiles.

"I'll take the Lord at His word, and just believe I'm saved," he cried. Then going out into a field, he knelt down right out there under the blue sky and asked the Lord Jesus to give him the assurance of his salvation once more.

When he got up from his knees, he went and fetched a post; then, taking a hammer, he drove the post firmly into the ground. After that, whenever Satan came and whispered to him that perhaps he was not really saved at all, he would go out into the field and pointing to the post planted there, he would say triumphantly:

"There, devil, that proves I'm saved! The Lord Jesus Christ sent me the message, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Yes, and I believed and asked him to give me the sense of my salvation at the spot where that post is stuck into the ground, and He did it!"

"These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." 1 John 5:13.

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"I Will Never Leave Thee, Nor Forsake Thee"

Jesus loves me though I'm bad,
And He waits to make me glad;
Waits to fold me in His arm,
Keeps me safe from every harm.

Jesus loves me, He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide.
He will wash away my sin,
Let a little child come in.

Jesus loves me, He will stay
Close beside me all the way.
If I trust Him should I die
He will take me home on high.

Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

"A friend loveth at all times." Prov. 17:17.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer
than a brother." Prov. 18:24.



A Goat To Buy A Book

Mr. and Mrs. Quelch had laboured faithfully in Africa for three years, but there had been very little response from the natives to the message of the gospel. The missionary had translated some of the scriptures into the language of the Lugu people, and now they had been printed.

Mrs. Quelch was taking a brief rest outside the mission bungalow one afternoon when she saw a strange sight. An African clad in skins had come out of the long grass. He was leading a goat by one hand, while he grasped his spear in the other. Mrs. Quelch watched while he tied his goat to a banana tree. Then laying aside his spear, he approached the bungalow with a smile of keen anticipation on his face.

"White lady," he began, "has God's Book arrived in our country?"

Mrs. Quelch was surprised. "Are you interested in God's Book?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the man, taking some small pieces of paper from a hidden place. "My son brought me these papers from the coast where he

has gone to work for the white men. He says that on them are the words of the Father of creation, and my boy has taught me these words: 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son.' White lady, I want to learn to read God's words. I have walked for five days, and I have brought this goat to buy God's Book.

Gladly Mrs. Quelch gave him a Gospel of John. How cheered she was to see the joy that shone in that dark face before her as that poor native took the precious Book into his hands, raised it to his lips and kissed it.

Kacengu, for that was his name, proved an apt pupil, and within six months, the missionary found in him a true helper in the gospel. He seemed to fairly drink in the words of life and made rapid strides in reading. His one desire was to take the gospel to his home five days journey away, and great was his joy when he was at last able to return there as an evangelist.

A year later Kacengu came back to the mission station to say that six Africans wanted to be baptized. The missionary was surprised to find out how much real knowledge of the gospel these converts had. And all because one man had thirsted for the word of God and had received it with joy.

"O send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me." Psa. 43:3.

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." Isa. 45:22.

A Simple Bible Searching For Boys and Girls

Who gleaned in Bethlehem's golden field

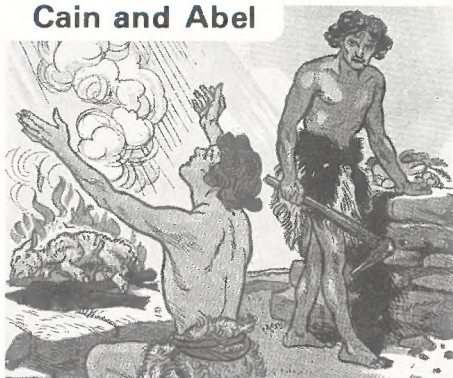
Among the waving corn:
Whose father as a "stranger" lived,
In days where he was born?

Whose little son was raised to life,
And welcomed by his mother?
Who's written to as "my own son,"
And also called "our brother?"

Initial letters of each name

A gift of Christ will tell;
In all its fulness known in heaven,
In all its lack in hell.

Cain and Abel



Adam and Eve had two sons. The elder was Cain and the younger Abel. Cain was a gardener, but Abel was a shepherd and kept sheep and goats. The time came when Cain and Abel decided to bring an offering to God. Cain brought of the fruits he had grown in the ground. Abel brought a little lamb from his flock. God accepted Abel's offering, but Cain's He would not accept.

Abel understood he could only go to God through the death of another, so he sacrificed a lamb. Cain didn't feel he needed a sacrifice; he thought if he brought the best of what he grew, even though the ground was cursed, God should accept that.

When God refused Cain's offering, he was very angry and jealous of Abel. God said to Cain, "Why art thou angry? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted?"

One day when Cain and Abel were out alone in the field, Cain rose up against his brother and killed him.

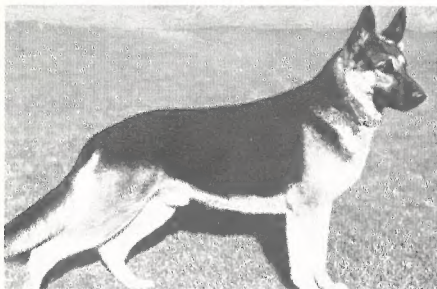
And God said to Cain, "Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?"

And God said, "What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground."

"And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand."

And Cain went out from the presence of God and built a city. He tried to make himself as happy as he could and to forget about God and the awful sin he committed.

Dog Waits For Owner At Russian Airport



A recent Associated Press report states: "For nearly two years a forlorn German shepherd has met every Ilyushin-18 passenger jet arriving at Moscow's Airport in search of the master who flew away.

"Airport workers feed the ragged-eared dog, but she refuses to let anyone come near her, and won't leave, authorities say.

"Sometime in late 1974 airport authorities refused to let the dog board the plane with her owner because he did not have the necessary health certificate from a veterinarian. So, the man boarded the plane and left the dog at the airport. During the first few days the dog chased after all the departing Il-18s as they taxied away, much to the consternation of the pilots. Then she switched to meeting incoming flights.

"The dog lives under a construction worker's trailer near the airport terminal, watching for the Il-18s. No one knows how she tells the difference between the planes.

"As soon as the staircase is sent over to the plane, the dog runs over, stops at a safe distance from the passengers and waits. Probably her owner thinks the dog has forgotten him, but it is hoped that he will yet return to claim his faithful friend."

We as Christians, saved by the grace of God, ought to be looking for our Saviour's return with the same singleness of heart and purpose as the dog in our story awaits patiently her master's return. Alas, her faithfulness puts many of us to shame, for we are so occupied with our cares and material things. We forget His faithful

promise, "Surely I come quickly" and are scarcely able to say, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." (Rev. 22:20.)

May we be set free from all that hinders and be "Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, Who gave Himself for us." Titus 2:13.

His Pet Toad



The Duke of Wellington who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo was one of the great generals of history. He could rule armies as few men have been able to do, and yet he was not above taking care of a very humble little pet creature.

One day when the Duke was out riding in the country, he came upon a small boy engaged in some mysterious occupation on the ground.

"What are you doing?" asked the Duke.

"I'm feeding my pet toad," answered the boy, his eyes filled with tears. "They are going to send me away to school, and my toad will die."

"Never mind," said the great general. "You go to school, and I'll take care of your toad."

So he did, and soon afterwards the small boy received a letter from the Duke saying that the toad was doing well.

The Lord Jesus is God and He loves all the little creatures that He has made. He cares for them, too. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of *your* head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." Matt. 10:29-31.

The People Of The Book



Robert Morris had gone to Asia Minor to visit some Christians living in a very remote section. But no one seemed to be able to direct him to them.

Looking around he saw a man coming towards him. So he asked him if there were any Christians in the neighborhood.

"Christians?" The man shook his head. He had never heard of such people. Who were they?

"People who believe in Jesus Christ," replied Morris.

The man looked very puzzled, and then after a moment's thought, he said,

"I don't suppose you mean 'the people of the Book'?"

This time it was the missionary who looked astonished.

"The people of the Book? Who are they?"

"Well," replied the man, "they are a little band of people who get their way of life from a big Book which they say is holy. They do everything the Book tells them to do, and so they are called 'the people of the Book.'"

"Is the Book called the Bible?" asked Morris eagerly.

"That I couldn't say," was the reply; "but these people live about two

miles from here across the valley and over the hill."

"Thank you very much indeed," said the missionary warmly and pressed forward on his way.

A little later he came upon a row of humble cottages and rapped on the door of the first one. A tall swarthy-looking man opened the door and invited him in. As Morris stepped inside the rough room, a strange and beautiful sight met his gaze. Half a dozen men and women were gathered round a rough table on which lay a large volume. The missionary discovered it to be a translation of the Bible in their own language.

Having made friends with the little group, Morris learned that they had obtained this treasure sometime previously, and although no one had ever visited them from the outside, they had read and studied the Scriptures so diligently that they had discovered God's way of salvation, and had come to know the Saviour.

Their joy was as great as that of their visitor. Even as he entered, they had been considering how they could tell others of their wonderful discovery that they, too, might share in the blessings of knowing Christ.

When Robert Morris had to depart, it was with mingled feelings of joy and sadness that he bade them good-bye.

"The people of the Book," he thought to himself, "what a title! Here are poor folk receiving a Bible for the first time, and not only reading and believing every word, but obeying it; while over in our country there are educated people who scorn and despise this same precious Book, calling it foolish and out of date though it has been in their possession for centuries. What grander title could be bestowed on any people than which these isolated Christians have earned, 'The people of the Book'?"

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"Twice Mine!"

"Say, Mister, your catcher has just got my dog," exclaimed Jim to the pound keeper. The boy was almost out of breath from running. "And he's a good dog," he added.

Even as he spoke the dog catcher arrived, and they heard the rear door of the pound open. Soon they saw several dogs being shoved into the pen.

"That's him!" cried Jim. "That one over in the corner."

"Well," said the keeper, "I expect the trouble is he hasn't a license, or somethin'."

Poor Jim hung his head and confessed that it was so.

"He'll have to have one before we can let him out of here," said the keeper.

"How much does one cost?" asked Jim, as he fingered two quarters in his pocket.

"A dollar fifty" replied the keeper.

"Any work I could do around here, so I could earn the money?" queried Jim hopefully.

"No, I'm afraid not, son. You might try the food store on the corner."

That afternoon Jim reappeared at

the pound and handed the keeper \$1.50. Moments later the gate to the dog pen opened, and a joyful pup, wiggling and twisting all over and barking with excitement, was in Jim's arms.

On the way home Jim paused and taking his pup in his arms he said, "Pup, you're *twice mine* now! You were mine the day Dad gave you to me; but then I lost you, and I've had to buy you back. So you're *twice mine* now!"

And so it is with all of us. The Lord Jesus, our Creator, made us and gave us life in this world. But we were lost through the fall. He had to come to redeem us - to buy us back, and this He did at the cost of His own precious blood on the cross, for He loved us so. If we have trusted Him as our Saviour, then we are saved. We belong to Him, never to be lost again, for He gives us eternal life; we shall never perish, for no one shall ever pluck us out of His hand. (John 10:27-31.)

Dear young friends, can you say, "I am twice His, for He has redeemed me"?

"Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ." 1 Pet. 1:18, 19.

All Blotted Out



"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto Me; for I have redeemed thee." Isa. 44:22

I Believe God Answers Prayer



In the province of Hunan, China, there lived a little Chinese boy named Ho Long. Ho attended a village children's meeting and there learned to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, the "Friend of little children."

Ho's home was a sad one. His father used to spend night after night away in the village, gambling and drinking, so that his poor mother was very miserable and often cried.

One night she was sitting up as usual, waiting for her husband to come home, and her heart was so heavy with dark hopelessness that she sat and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"What shall I do?" she cried. "What shall I do?"

At last little Ho could stand it no more. "Why don't you pray to the Lord Jesus?" he suggested.

"I don't know how to pray," sobbed the poor woman.

"I'll teach you, Mother," said the little boy, sitting up.

"But your God wouldn't listen to me, and He can't do anything for your father," replied his mother in a hopeless voice.

Ho climbed out of bed and knelt beside his mother. "Let's pray, Mother," he coaxed. "The Lord Jesus can change Father. He changes people's hearts."

"I don't know what to say. I can't pray," said Mother.

"I'll say it first, and you say it after me, Mother," said little Ho.

So in the shadowy darkness the little fellow taught his mother to pray sentence by sentence. She hardly believed there could be any answer to that prayer, but little 8-year-old Ho had no doubts about the matter. Had he not been praying for some months now that the Lord Jesus would change his father's heart, and bring peace and happiness into that little home?

Night after night, when the father was gambling and drinking away his earnings, Ho and his mother prayed together, and she seemed to get comfort from their prayers.

A few months later, the gospel tent came to their village. Out of curiosity Ho's father began to attend the meetings. Before long he was convicted of sin. At last the time came when he was saved by the power of God.

Now there was no more gambling or drinking, and soon Ho Long's home was the happy place he had dreamed of, while together he and his father and mother thanked God for hearing and answering their prayers.

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. 5:17.

Try to fill in the missing letters and complete this gospel text. Romans 6.

E G O I I
 D U E G O
 G I T L L
 R H J C T
 U L

The Flood



After Cain killed Abel, Adam and Eve had more children. Men lived to a great age in those days. Some lived for hundreds of years. Men became very wicked, and the earth was filled with violence and all kinds of evil.

But Noah was a just man and walked with God.

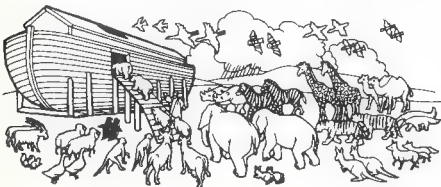
God told Noah He was going to bring a flood of water upon the earth to destroy all that evil generation. He told Noah to build an ark of wood and that he and his wife and family would be saved from judgment.

After a long time the ark was ready. Then God told Noah to take with him into the ark two of every living thing — birds, animals and all creeping things.

Noah obeyed God and went into the ark. Then God shut them in.

God waited seven more days, but no one else entered the ark. Then it began to rain. It rained for forty days and forty nights. Besides, the flood waters came up from beneath. All the high hills and even the mountains were covered. The ark floated safely on the water, but all other people were drowned.

Only Noah and his family were kept alive. They were safe in the ark. Those who trust in the Lord now, like Noah, are safe too, from judgment.



Are You Ready?



Oswald was a boy who worked for a wealthy Christian doctor. During morning prayers, when the family and servants gathered together in the large dining room, he had often heard the doctor read words about the coming again of the Lord Jesus. However, Oswald did not understand much about what was said, for while his master was explaining these things, he was generally thinking about football or some other sport.

One day the kind doctor called Oswald into his study and began to talk to him about the Lord Jesus. He explained how the Saviour had come to die for all, and how each one might be saved by trusting in Him, but it must be a personal thing. Each one must be able to say, "The Son of God . . . loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*." (Galatians 2:20.)

The doctor ended his talk by saying, "The Lord Jesus is coming back perhaps very soon. When He comes, you may have my house, Oswald, and my car, my furniture and all my money." The boy looked very much surprised.

"Thank you -- thank you, Sir," stammered Oswald, so surprised that he hardly knew what to say.

"You see, I'll not need them," went on the doctor. "I shall be safe with the Lord Jesus, for I love Him, and have taken Him as my own Saviour. But you have not; you will be left to face all the terrible things that are going to happen on the earth."

Oswald returned to his room and, alone in bed, he began to think of all that the doctor had said.

"If the doctor goes to be with the

Lord Jesus," he reasoned to himself, "what will I do with his house, his car and all the other things? Where will I be? I wish I was ready to go with the Lord Jesus like he is! I would rather be safe with Him than have all these things and be left behind."

Poor Oswald could not sleep that night. At last he could bear it no longer, and getting out of bed he crept downstairs and knocked at the doctor's door. The doctor was surprised to see who was there.

"Oh, Sir," cried Oswald, "please will you tell me how I can be ready when the Lord Jesus comes? I don't want those things you offered me."

The doctor gladly told him again the

simple gospel story and asked him if he would not then and there ask the Saviour to come into his heart. Oswald was glad to receive Him now, and that night he passed from death to life. From then on he, too, could say, "I am ready to meet Jesus when He comes."

"Behold, I come quickly." Revelation 22:12.

"For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout. . . and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." 1 Thessalonians 4:16, 17.

Peter "When Thou Shalt Be Old"



After the Lord Jesus had said to Peter, "Feed My sheep," He told him what would happen to him when he should be an old man. He said:

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girdest thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not."

Perhaps you say, "Poor Peter!" but we should say rather, "Happy Peter!" for though we do not know for certain in what way Peter was put to death, we know that by his death he brought glory to God. Some historians say he was crucified, like his blessed Master, only with his head downwards by his own request. They also state that his wife died with him.

Then Jesus said to him, "Follow Me."

What a comfort those words must have been to Peter when he was an old man and it all came true - when he was bound and carried away to die. What a comfort to know that he was following his Lord, and that even though the path lay through suffering, shame and death, it would take him where Jesus was on the other side.

When Peter heard what should happen to him in his old age, he turned and saw John following, and he said to Jesus, "Lord, and what shall this man do?"

Jesus said to him, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou Me."

Peter had to learn what we all have to learn, that we and our fellow disciples belong to the Lord Jesus. He has His own plans and purposes for each, He has the right to do what He wills with us, the right to call one home to be with Himself by a violent death, and the right to leave another to serve Him down here to extreme old age.

The one thing we need to concern ourselves about is just this: Are we, *am I*, following Him, following Him in my youth, following Him all the days, until I reach Him where He is?

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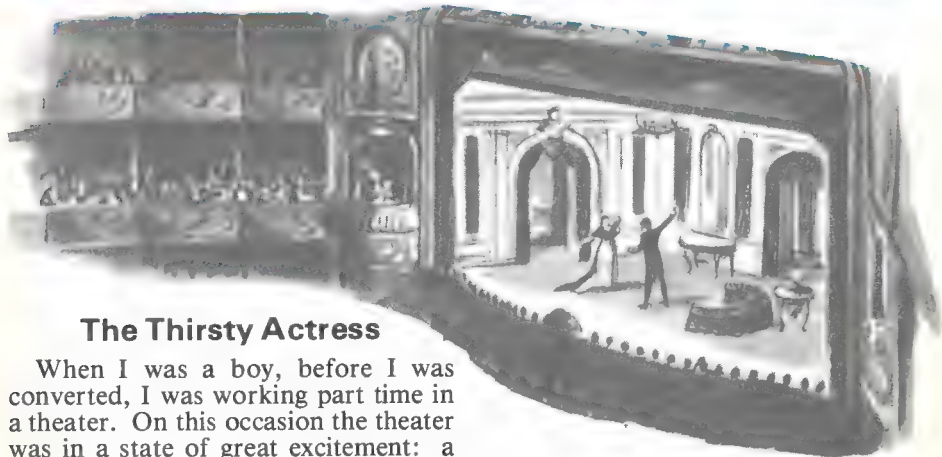
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Messages of the Love of God



The Thirsty Actress

When I was a boy, before I was converted, I was working part time in a theater. On this occasion the theater was in a state of great excitement: a famous actress was to perform, and the old scenery of the stage was replaced with new brightly-painted scenes and hangings. Everything was done to please the star and to make the new play a success.

The night came - the handbills and placards had done their work, and the house was crowded. While engaged in carrying drinks to the orchestra, I was called upon to carry wine to one of the boxes. There I found the famous star chatting with one of the actors about the crowded condition of the house.

"Oh," she remarked, "suppose the gallery should give way!"

"There would be a good many more souls in hell if it should, I am sure," he replied lightly.

These words seemed to touch a chord in the heart of the actress, for she turned to me instantly and said, "O leave this place - leave it! You are too young to be here. There is something better than this; leave *now* before it is too late." And oh, the look that was in her eyes, telling of the

thirst in her soul that had never been quenched. She had been at the world's well, oh so often, and had drank and drank and *drank*, but never had been filled. She had never got her fill from the pleasures of the world, and she *knew* it.

"*Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again,*" are the Lord Jesus Christ's own words, and they were so true of *her*. Her words cut me to the heart, and I left. That was the last night I ever drank of those waters.

And, O unsaved one, if you are still drinking of the waters of this poor world (its pleasures or anything else), stop! There is a spring where you may drink and be satisfied - be filled - even to overflowing. He is *able* that *promised*, and He has said, "I will give unto him that is *athirst* of the fountain of the water of life freely." Rev. 21:6. Again,

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." John 4:14. The water given by the Saviour's blessed hand alone

can satisfy - none other ever can.
 Drink then, while yet there is time.
 Hear once more the gracious invitation
 of His love extended to us - once, when
 down here in this world, and now
 again from the glory, where He is - it is
 for *you*, dear *thirsty* soul:

"If any man thirst, let him come
 unto Me, and drink." John 7:37.
 "Let him that is athirst come. And
 whosoever will, let him take the water
 of life freely." Rev. 22:17.

The Rainbow

Genesis 8:15-22

God did not forget Noah in the ark.
 The rain ceased, and after 150 days the
 flood waters began to go down. The
 ark at last rested on the top of Mount
 Ararat.

Noah opened a window and first
 sent out a raven. The raven did not
 come back. There was plenty of flesh
 for it to eat. Then he sent out a dove,
 but the dove could find nowhere to
 rest, and she returned in the evening to
 the ark. A week later he sent the dove
 out again, and she came back with an
 olive leaf. He sent her out again a
 week later, and this time she did not
 return. So Noah knew that the flood
 waters had gone down.

Then Noah removed the covering of
 the ark and looked out and saw the
 ground that it was dry. Then God said
 to Noah, "Go forth of the ark," and



Noah went forth with all the creatures
 that were in the ark.

Noah built an altar and sacrificed
 some of all the clean beasts to God.

God blessed Noah and his sons, and
 God set a rainbow in the cloud as a
 promise that He would not again
 destroy all living things by a flood.

The ark is a picture of the Lord
 Jesus. God is one day going to judge
 the world for its sin, but, like Noah
 and his family in the ark, all who come
 to Jesus and take Him as their
 Saviour, find in Him a refuge and will
 be safe from judgment in that day.

Try to complete these texts.

John 3.

H _ _ _ A _ _ B _ _ _ _ V _ _ _ O _
 _ _ _ S _ _ _ H _ _ _ _ _ R -
 L _ _ T _ _ _ _ F _ _ A _ _ _ E
 _ H _ _ B _ L _ E _ _ _ _ N _ _
 _ _ _ L _ _ _ T _ _ E _ _ L _ _ E

Mark 1

T _ _ _ E _ _ _ V _ _ C _ _ F _ _
 _ E V _ _ S _ _ _ N _ _ O U _ _
 M _ B _ L _ _ E _ _ _ N _ _ _ O _
 _ A _ _ E _ _ P _ E _ S _ _





Betty's Rescue

The railroad ran right through the farm where little Betty lived, and this warm summer day she was having fun walking along the tracks in her bare feet, trying to keep her balance on the rails. Pete, her little dog, was scampering along beside her.

The ten o'clock train was due to pass in a few minutes, and already the whistle of the big engine could be heard up the track. But Betty was having such a good time she did not hear it. The train whistled again as it came nearer, and its big bell began to clang loudly, warning every one to get off the track at once. Still Betty seemed not to hear.

The engineer saw the little girl's danger, and the big locomotive gave another loud long blast. Pete scooted out of the way, and just then Betty looked up and saw the train bearing down upon her. Instead of jumping out of the way she just froze with fear. The engineer was trying to stop the train but could not because of its speed. Little Betty stood right in its path, terror-stricken.

It seemed as if the big engine would strike her down, but suddenly something else - she knew not what - struck her, knocked her off the rails, and sent her tumbling down the bank. It was Pete! Her faithful little friend had seen his little mistress' peril and acted the only way he could. The little rescuer was grazed by the engine's fender and sent flying down the bank after Betty, but he was not badly hurt.

Oh, how Betty hugged and thanked her faithful little playmate for saving

her life that day. She loved him before, but she loved him far more now after he had rescued her from such a dreadful death!

And Someone has come to rescue you, dear young reader, from a worse peril. Like the great train coming down the track, the judgment of God is coming and will fall upon all who are in their sins. Now the Lord Jesus came into this world to save sinners and all who trust Him as their Saviour are spared from judgment. He has borne that judgment for them; He takes them out of that place of condemnation and danger and puts them in a place of eternal safety where the judgment of God can never touch them. So Jesus died that we might live.

Have you, dear reader, been saved yet? "The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither is His ear heavy that it cannot hear." Isaiah 59:1.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." John 5:24.

Scripture Alphabet

E----- Where the Ephesians dwelt. Eph. 1.

E----- The father of the Edomites. Gen. 36.

E----- A swift bird of prey. Lev. 11

E----- Garden where the tree of life was.

E----- One of Joseph's sons. Num. 1.

Try Christ



Abderahman III, one of the sovereigns of Spain in the days when the Moors reigned over that land, was surnamed "the wise and happy." Called by many of his admirers the "Solomon of the West," he swayed the empire of that kingdom for upwards of fifty years.

His court was most magnificent, and he was distinguished for his meekness, generosity, and love of justice. He possessed all the virtues which constitute an able monarch. His chief delight was in making all around him, all connected with him, all whom he governed, happy. He was fond of science and a favorite of the learned. Historians, poets, philosophers and others were his companions, friends and servants.

In those golden years of the Moors their knowledge of botany, chemistry, and their skill in medicine and mathematics was far-famed. They distinguished themselves in algebra, optics and astronomy, and excelled in agriculture, mechanical arts, manufacturing and commerce.

Thus Abderahman surrounded himself with all the delights that wealth or intellect could administer, and men would say that if ever a mortal deserved to be happy, he deserved it.

However, it does not appear that this was so, for after his death there was found a memo in his own handwriting stating that of all those days in his whole life in which he had been entirely happy, or had met with no

cause of sorrow, the number recorded of days so spent was "*fourteen!*" He tried every means of which he knew to secure happiness, but he did not try "Christ," and in all the means he tried, he failed!

How many today, like Abderahman then, have sought happiness in vain! How few have sought it wisely! How many in that search have tried first one thing and then another, but have not tried "Christ"! To them we would say, "*Try Christ, try Christ.*"

"He satisfieth the longing soul."
Psalm 107:9.

I sighed for rest and happiness
I yearned for them, not Thee;
But while I passed my Saviour by
His love laid hold on me.

Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me!
There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.

"Forgiven"

I heard a voice, the sweetest voice
That mortal ever heard;
Oh, how it made my heart rejoice,
And every feeling stirred.
'Twas Jesus spoke to me so mild,
He called me to His side;
He said, although with heart defiled,
I must in Him confide.

I saw His face, the fairest face
That mortal ever saw;
I longed the Saviour to embrace,
From Him new life to draw.
"Come unto Me," He kindly said,
"And I will give thee rest;
Thy ransom price I freely paid;
Rejoice, for thou art blest.

I felt His love, the strongest love
That mortal ever felt;
Oh, how it drew my soul above
And made my hard heart melt.
My burden at His feet I laid,
And knew the joy of heaven,
As in my willing ear He said
The blessed word, "Forgiven."

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Rain!

"It is twelve months since we have had any rain," cried the chief of the tribe, "it must be because our 'gods' are angry with us for letting the white people come to live with us."

The crops were failing and the animals were dying of thirst in the mountainous area of Southern Sudan. Only three white people lived in this country which was about the same size as Wales.

That evening, just as it was growing dusk, one of the three missionaries looked out of her window and saw an amazing sight. The chief, with every man, woman and child, was walking slowly across the field towards the missionaries' home! They had come to tell the missionaries the decision that had been made at the 'public enquiry' held a few minutes previously.

"Listen to us," demanded the chief, "The God of the white people must

send rain before twelve noon tomorrow. If He does not, then our 'gods' demand that the three missionaries be sacrificed.

The three missionaries went to their room that night but did not sleep. They read and re-read those parts of the Bible, which tell how God sent rain after Elijah had prayed, and how He delivered Daniel from the lion's den and the youths from the fiery furnace. They prayed and read the Bible all night. They could not eat; they just felt they had to get right into the presence of God and plead with Him to work a wonderful miracle so that all this tribe would know that the Lord was really stronger than the 'gods' of the heathen people.

The Lord Jesus Christ drew very near to them as they prayed, and many of the wonderful promises in the Bible became very real to them as they searched its pages. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," "Draw nigh

MEMORY
VERSE

"Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save;
neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear."

Isaiah 59:1

unto God and He will draw nigh unto thee."

The time seemed to go far too quickly, and soon the dawn had broken and the missionaries could hear the drums beating in the village telling them that preparations were being made for a very important day. The missionaries still prayed. How often did they get up from their knees to look out of the window! How often did they go back onto their knees to ask again that rain might fall!

At about half-past eleven on the appointed day, one of the missionaries shouted excitedly, "There's a small cloud over there!" The two other missionaries rushed to the window and oh, what joy filled their hearts as they spotted a tiny cloud away over on the horizon. How they thanked God!

It was exactly twelve noon when the rain poured down on the village and drenched the place! Every water barrel, water pot, jug, pail, bucket or anything they could get hold of was placed outside and was filled to capacity with cool refreshing water! But the amazing thing was this: two miles away there was another village nestled away among the hills, but there they had seen no rain! The rain had only fallen on the one village among the tribe where the missionaries were praying.

The chief of the tribe was very impressed with the God of the white people. From then on he often asked them to come to tell him more about God and God's Son, Jesus Christ. Many others in this tribe were also very interested and wanted to hear more, and the chief was very willing for the missionaries to have full liberty to go where they wanted to preach the Gospel.

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." Psa. 50:15.

"He is able to save to the uttermost." Heb. 7:25.

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The Tower Of Babel



Genesis 11:1-9

After the flood the whole earth spoke one language, and they all dwelt together in a plain called Shinar.

We read about men like Nimrod who became a mighty one in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord.

Men began to build great cities. They were very proud and thought to make a great name for themselves. So they said one to another, Let us make brick, and let us build a city and a tower whose top may reach to heaven. God wanted the people to spread themselves over the earth, but they said, Let us not be scattered over the earth. Let us live together in our city.

But God came down to see the city and the tower that the men were building.

And God said, "Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do."

So God confounded, or mixed up, their language so that they could not understand one another's speech. And God scattered them abroad from there all over the earth: and they left off building the city.

Therefore, the name of it is called Babel; because there God confounded the language of all the earth.



Lost Lucy

Lucy was lost. She was only three and one-half years old and had wandered away from her home that Saturday afternoon—where, no one knew. She had been seen by someone running in the direction of a tavern where her father was in the habit of going on his way home from work. There was a deep pond close by, and they were afraid she might have fallen into it. But no one could tell, and her mother was in great alarm.

When hope had almost gone, there was a low knock at the cottage door, and Lucy's mother was almost afraid to answer. But when she did, there stood the village policeman holding Lucy in his arms, all safe and sound. The dear little child had gone to keep her father from entering the tavern and she had posted herself at the door to watch. He was longer coming than usual, and Lucy could not go away without him. As one after another entered sober and came out drunk, she seemed frightened, but kept her post until the kind-hearted policeman came along. He had heard of her mother's anxiety, and lifting little Lucy up, he carried her home.

Years have passed since that event in Lucy's little life, but she has not forgotten it. Neither has her father, for it was the last time he ever entered the tavern door. He was soundly converted to God, who not only saved his soul but took away all desire for drink that was ruining his life. He became a happy follower of Christ.

Lucy, who has grown up to be a beautiful young girl, is also saved and on her way to heaven. So was the old policeman who found her that day. They are all in the old village, new creatures in Christ, saved and on their way to glory. Are you, dear young reader?



Oscar, the farmer's dog, was a favorite with the children. They rode on his back, they threw their caps in the air for him to catch, and tossed sticks into the river so that they could watch him plunge in and bring them back to land.

But besides all this, Oscar was a most useful dog. He would take letters to the post office, he would carry a basket out to the field, he would walk with the children to and from school, and see that no boy or girl molested them.

There was one thing in particular that caused Oscar to stand high in the estimation of the farmer and his wife, and that was his faithful watch over Ernie, their little boy. One day, Ernie wandered far from home and lost his way in the town. Ernie had been forbidden to go further than the end of the lane leading up to the farm to meet his brother and sister coming from the school. But Ernie, like some other little boys and girls I know, took his own way one day and set off along the main road to town. Then he wandered off the road and lost himself.

Oscar missed his little charge and set off after him. For several hours

neither Ernie nor the dog were missed at the farm, but when the children returned from school without Ernie and the dog, the parents became alarmed. Three parties set out in search of Ernie, one to the fields, one other to the woods, and a third to town. After a full hour of searching, Ernie was found lying asleep near the gate of a big farm, with Oscar lying close to him, guarding the child like a sentinel. The sleeping child was carried home, and for many a day Oscar was loved for his faithful care of him.

I know of One who left His home in the glory bright, to seek and to save that which was lost. His name is Jesus. Is it possible that the service of a faithful dog can be remembered, and yet the love of Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour, who went into death for sinners, be forgotten? How are you treating this Saviour, dear boys and girls?

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. 1:15. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19:10.

A Wife Saved



Years ago a man was converted to God, but his wife was so bitter about it that she resolved to do away with him if she could.

One evening she waited for him with a weapon in her hand in a dark spot in the woods. She knew her husband would pass there on his way to the Bible study. However, he did not come alone but with two strangers who had met him on the way. So, she decided to wait until his return to do the awful deed.

She paced up and down impatiently, and then it began to rain. When the rain began to pour down heavily, she

crept near to the little meeting room in the dark and took shelter under the porch. There she heard all that was said.

The Word of God went to her heart like an arrow from God's bow. Suddenly she saw her whole life in the light of God and realized her sinful, lost condition. It was a terrible shock to her. Then when the meeting was over, she rushed into the hall, the weapon still in her hand, and cried out: "Is there still grace and mercy for me, the greatest sinner?" Then she confessed her terrible plan.

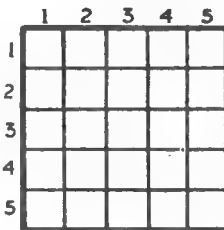
They prayed with her and assured her the grace of God would forgive her, great indeed as her sin was, for "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound" (Rom. 5:20).

Weeping and broken hearted, she walked home with her husband. Before the sun rose next morning, she had found salvation and peace in the blood of the Lamb.

"He came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas . . . and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. 1:18.

Scripture Puzzle



Here you have 25 squares within a square. All you have to do is to fill them in with the answers to the five questions. If your answers are correct you will find that they read the same from left to right and from top to bottom.

1. A CITY BELONGING TO THE TRIBE OF BENJAMIN. Joshua 18, 25.

2. ONE OF MANY PRECIOUS STONES. Exodus 28, 19.

3. HE WAS THE FATHER OF WISE SONS. 1 Kings 4, 31.

4. PART OF A WORD FOUND IN Leviticus 16, 11.

5. A VALIANT MAN WHO SERVED KING DAVID. 2 Samuel 23, 29.

Messages of the Love of God



The Little Gopher

It was a warm summer evening and milking time on the farm. The farmer was busy carrying pails of milk from the barn to the milkhouse. The little kittens gathered at the favorite hour to await their share of the abundant supply. The farmer paused and filled a small pan on the floor especially for them. Their little spiked tails pointed in four directions as they surrounded the dish, and their furry tummies grew round and full as they lapped at the warm milk. Mother Puss was out hunting.

In the nearby fields the gophers sat near their burrows or played in the evening sun. Suddenly they all dived for their safety. Alas, it was too late for one little fellow. Something dark and huge suddenly appeared from nowhere, and he was pinned to the earth by great cruel claws. Mother Cat had intercepted him. He squeaked with terror and pain as her teeth closed on the nape of his neck.

Apparently it was not Mother Puss' intention to kill and eat her victim there. In triumph she headed for the barn. Paralyzed with fear, the little gopher ceased to struggle. The sight of the green fields where he had lived his brief but happy little life faded from his eyes; then he fainted away.

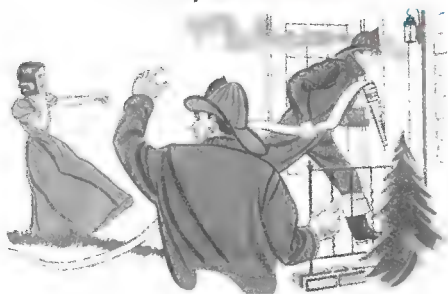
It so happened that on this weekend a friend from the city had paid the farmer a visit. He was in the barn at the very moment when he marched Mother Puss proudly displaying her catch. He watched as she deposited her prize at the feet of one of her little toms, who immediately pounced upon it, biting and growling fiercely. Then in true cat fashion he proceeded to play with it for awhile.

The visitor had a tender heart and loved God's little creatures, now suffering because of man's sin. He knew that gophers were no friends of the farmer, that they dug holes in his fields and ate his grain. He knew they were pests and marked to be destroyed. Still he himself had tasted of mercy, for he knew God "who is rich in mercy" (Eph. 2:4), and he longed to show mercy to that poor little gopher.

With this on his heart, the visitor stooped down to effect the rescue. The kitten growled horribly and its teeth gripped its prey more tightly, determined not to give him up. But strong fingers forced the little jaws open, and moments later the little gopher was lying far from danger on the soft grass outside.

A long while he lay there motionless. Then his little eyes opened on the blue sky above once more. Was it a dream, after the horrible reality of the past hour? At last, a poke from the stranger

Sandy's Rescue



One dark midnight, flames were seen coming from the windows of a house. In a few minutes fire trucks came rushing to the scene, their sirens screaming loudly. A crowd quickly gathered, eager to help put out the fire or to rescue anyone in the house. One after another the folks were brought out and kindly received into the homes of the neighbors. It was supposed that all had been saved when a woman burst through the crowd, wringing her hands and crying piteously,

"My Sandy, my Sandy is still in there!"

Was it possible that a precious child was still in danger of the awful flames, and no effort was being made to reach her? Yes, the girl was still in the burning house!

Sandy had been put to bed as usual, and after she was asleep, her mother had gone out to see a sick neighbor. The sound of the fire-siren and the shouts and cries of the crowd brought her quickly to the spot. She gave a hurried glance to see if Sandy had been brought out, but no Sandy was there. Sound asleep in her bed, the little girl was unconscious of her terrible danger.

The firemen looked at each other in dismay. There was not a moment to spare; but who was to risk his life to save little Sandy? Another moment and a tall fireman, his helmet gleaming in the light of the flames, was seen ascending the ladder. It was a terrible risk, and the people below stood with bated breath as they saw him enter the window and disappear amid the smoke.

In less than two minutes he appeared again at the window, clasping the child in one arm. There was a ringing cheer

from the crowd, and many a "God bless you" as he came down the ladder. Sandy was soon safely in her mother's arms. But that noble act cost the fireman his life. The flames from which he saved the young girl had burned him so badly that he never recovered.

Could Sandy ever forget the love of the one who saved her? No; many a time she wept as she thought of his sacrifice, and she often went to the cemetery to put flowers on his grave.

But the love of the fireman was only a shadow of the love of Jesus, who left His heavenly home and, on the cross of Calvary, endured the wrath of God against sin to rescue sinners from eternal hell.

Who would be foolish enough to remain in a burning building with the flames raging all around? And yet many sleep on in their sins in this world which, like Sodom and Gomorrah of old, is soon to be destroyed by awful judgment, unconscious of their terrible danger. Awake and be saved, unsaved reader.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

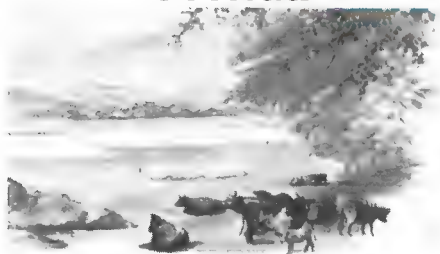
"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Heb. 2:3.

"Jesus called them unto Him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

Luke 18:16



Joshua



Joshua 1:1, 2

We now come to the book of Joshua. Moses, that honored servant of God, raised up to bring His people out from Egypt's bondage, who had guided them all through the wilderness to the borders of Canaan, has passed away. Joshua takes his place. It is he who leads the people into the promised land which God had given them.

Both Moses and Joshua are types of the Lord Jesus, and Israel typical of us, His redeemed people now. Christ has delivered us from Satan's power, His precious blood shelters us eternally, our sins are put away forever; we have been brought to God and now bask in the sunshine of a Father's love.

The Lord Jesus is journeying with us as we pass through this desert world. Here we are often humbled in order that we might prove what is in our hearts, but we experience that wonderful grace which meets our every need along the way. We feed upon the heavenly manna - Christ, the bread of life come down from above; and we drink the living water which flows from the Rock, Himself smitten for us.

Israel's inheritance was an earthly one; but we are a heavenly people, and heaven is our home. God would have us to enter in by faith and enjoy those heavenly blessings which He has given us in Christ, who is already in that heavenly land, seated at God's right hand. But this can only be through death - our death with Christ, of which Jordan is a type.

Joshua, then, is a type of Christ as the Captain of our salvation. He by His spirit leads us into the possession and enjoyment of the heavenly joys and privileges which belong to Him, and He shares them with us.

Joshua was first called Oshea, meaning "deliverance," but later he was called Joshua, which means "the Lord's salvation."

In Deuteronomy God was teaching His people that obedience and blessing go hand in hand. Now that Moses is gone, Israel's path of obedience and blessing was in following their new captain. So it is with us. May we seek grace to follow Christ our Captain in childlike faith so that He may lead us more and more into the enjoyment of heavenly things.

In the first part of this book we see a remarkable divine energy. God's time had come; He would have His people cross the Jordan and take possession of the land, so Joshua is given a solemn charge. "Arise, go over this Jordan, thou and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them."

God Himself had given them that beautiful land with its green hills and valleys, its brooks and streams, its waving fields of corn, its olive trees and vineyards, so pleasant a sight for their eyes to rest on. He wanted them to enjoy it to the full, yet more than all He would have them appreciate and enjoy Himself, the Giver.

But what glories are spread before the eye of faith in that heavenly land which now belongs to the believer - the glories of Christ who fills that scene above. And all these glories and blessings are unfolded to us now in His Word. Oh, that we might be stirred, dear Christian, like Israel of old, to "Arise," and possess, to know more of "the breadth and length, and depth and height."

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." Col. 3:1.

Our God the centre is,
His presence fills that land,
And countless myriads owned as His,
Round Him adoring stand.

MESSAGES OF THE LOVE OF GOD

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A Ferry Disaster

A few weeks ago in the Southern States a ferry boat cast off from the shore of the Mississippi. It was early in the morning before daybreak, and on board were over 100 men and women on their way to work on the other side of the great river. Fog rolled over the water, but apart from that, all was the same as usual. In 10 or 15 minutes the passengers would be busy starting their day's work, just the same as they had always done.

Suddenly, out of the fog the blast of a ship's horn was heard. Fog makes sounds more eerie than usual, and that horn so close must have startled the passengers on the ferry. A second time it sounded. How close it was! Would the ferry swing away from evident danger? A third blast. Was the captain paying attention? Alas, the ferry kept right on course. Things must be all right after all.

In the darkness and fog an enormous tanker loomed up on the port side of

the ferry. Without a chance to stop or swerve or change course, the tanker struck the ferry mid-ships. Up into the air went the ferry and down she crashed into the cold, dark, 80-foot waters of the Mississippi. Ferry, cars, passengers and crew were all plunged into the waters of death. Most of those aboard the ferry perished in the cold eerie darkness. Only a few were saved.

Three times a warning was given and three times it was ignored. Then death followed.

Dear boys and girls, God has warned us many times of a danger right at hand. He has warned of terrible judgment to come. If you are unsaved, we plead with you to heed the warning voice of the gospel and find in the Lord Jesus your only way of escape. Go in haste to Jesus and take Him as your Saviour. Be saved from the wrath to come.

"It is appointed unto men once to die; but after this the judgment." Heb. 9:27.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Rom. 10:13.

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Rom. 10:9.



Lost Wimpy

Poor Wimpy was lost! He had followed little Janie home from school.

She had petted him and seemed so friendly. However, mother had different thoughts. She did not want Wimpy. When Janie brought the little stray dog into the kitchen, Mother's first act was to seize the broom and sweep the homeless pup out the back door and send him scrambling down the steps.

Poor little Wimpy found shelter in the old woodshed where he sat cold and miserable. He did not know that in the meantime four little children to whom he belonged were searching for him and crying because he did not come home.

That evening little Janie told her Daddy about the little stray dog that had followed her home. Daddy had a tender heart and wondered what they could do about Wimpy. That night as he read the newspaper he suddenly paused and asked Janie, "Is that little dog black and white?"

"Yes," replied his little girl.

"It says here in the 'Lost and Found' columns that someone has lost a little black and white dog named Wimpy. Let's go and see if he answers to that name."

"Wimpy!" called little Janie.

Out dashed Wimpy from the old shed, and soon he was in the arms of the little girl. A short time later, after a car ride, Wimpy found himself back home again with the four little children he knew and loved. He was wagging his tail excitedly, and they were laughing and crying all at once!

We find in the Bible the words "lost" and "found." God speaks of boys and girls and older people too who are unsaved, as "lost." Those who have come to the Saviour he calls "found."

What are you, dear young reader — lost or found? The Lord Jesus came "to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19:10). Receive Him as your Saviour and you will no longer be "lost," but "found!"

"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Isa. 53:6.

"Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost." Luke 15:6.



A Chief Who Took Off His Hat

To the South of us, about 4,000 miles as the crow flies, in the heart of South America lies the land of Bolivia. There the Inca Indians have made their home for centuries. Deep in the thick jungles and high up in the Andes Mountains dwell over 300 tribes, many of whom have never been reached with the gospel.

Years ago a missionary from New Zealand went to Bolivia to tell the Inca Indians of God's great love for them. It was a hard life, beset with many dangers and sorrows, but God took care of him and his wife and blessed their labors. At first the Indians were very hostile, and on many occasions these two servants of Christ were face to face with death, but God protected them.

One day as the missionary talked with old Cipriano, an Inca chief, he quoted John 3:16 to him in his native Quechua tongue: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

As the old Indian listened intently, his dark eyes lighted up first with wonder, then with joy, and *he took off his hat* in reverence. Like most of his people he believed there was a supreme Being, but never before had he heard that this same God *loved* him. It was a happy day for the old chief, for right there and then he believed that message of God's love and was wonderfully saved. He passed from heathen darkness to light and became a happy Christian. Since that time many of his tribe have "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for His Son from heaven." 1 Thess. 1:10.

If our reader has not yet accepted Christ as Saviour, won't you, in simplicity like the old chief Cipriano, receive Him into your heart by faith, just as you are?

The Angel Of The Lord



It happened back in those early days of the gospel testimony in Bolivia.

Every morning I was accustomed to visit the Conventilla in the city of Potosi. A conventilla is a large building where many families live. I used to go down there and give out gospel tracts every morning.

In those early days there was much opposition from the people and their religious leaders, and our lives were often in danger. One morning I had just finished distributing gospel tracts to many in the conventilla, and was just going out the door, when a howling mob of some 200 people followed me, crying out: "Kill him. Get rid of him. Do away with this evangelist. Do away with him!"

They followed me down the street and some already had picked up rocks to stone me to death, when at the critical moment a little boy - a fair-haired little fellow - came across the street to see me. I stopped and stroked his little head, surprised at seeing such a dear fair-haired little lad in a land where all have such dark complexions and black hair. The little fellow, stranger though I was, put his arms around me and was such a comfort to me at a time of such danger and trial.

The mob, seeing the little boy's attitude toward me and my affection for him, ceased from their violence, and some were heard to call out: "Leave him alone; he must be a good man. See how he loves that little fellow." Dropping their stones, the

crowd dispersed and I was left alone with my little fair-haired friend.

Soon after, the lad crossed the street and went his way. Every day I went back to that section of the city and tried to find him, but I saw him no more. I came to the conclusion that this was another instance of which that wonderful scripture speaks: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them." Psalms 34:7. I could never find the boy after and truly believe that it was the angel of the Lord that intervened on my behalf on that occasion.



Job lived after the flood, perhaps in the time of Abraham. He was a perfect and upright man who feared God and hated evil.

He had seven sons, three daughters and a great many servants. He had thousands of sheep, oxen, camels and asses, and was the greatest man in all the east.

Satan told God that Job feared Him only because He had blessed him with so many good things. God allowed Satan to destroy all Job's flocks and cattle; even his sons and daughters were killed. Still Job remained true to God.

But God would test Job still further. He allowed Satan to smite Job with sore boils from his head to his foot, so that he suffered terribly.

Job's three friends, instead of comforting him, only condemned him.

They said that there must be some great secret sin in his life that caused God to send this trial. But they were wrong, and Job knew it. He felt that God loved him, but then, why should He allow him to suffer so when he was such an upright man? As days went by in his trial, Job was righteous in his own eyes, and he justified himself rather than God.

Elihu told Job he was wrong and that God was right. At last when God Himself spoke to Job, Job humbled himself and said, "Behold I am vile."

After that God blessed Job. He took away his sickness. He gave him seven more sons and three beautiful daughters, and more flocks and cattle than he had lost. So Job had more at the end than at the beginning. He was a happier man too.

Joshua



Joshua 1:3-6

"Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you."

God had given Israel the land of Canaan, but they must put forth energy to possess and enjoy it. To gaze out over those beautiful fields of ripened grain and the vineyards and olive trees, would not be eating its fruits, nor to look up at those mountains was not digging out the precious metals. Step by step they were to win the ground, for their enemies were there ready to contest every inch of soil.

So it is with us spiritually. All spiritual blessings in the heavenlies in Christ are ours, but they can only be reached through death, as seen in Israel's crossing the Jordan. Only as having passed through death with Christ can we appropriate them by faith through the power of the spirit of

God. It is possible for us to have an intellectual grasp of heavenly truths, but our enjoyment of them and how much our life and walk are affected will tell if we have really made them our own. We need to occupy ourselves with these things, to dwell upon them and let them prove their reality in our lives.

Then it is instructive to notice the boundaries of the land given here: "From the wilderness" on the south, "and this Lebanon" on the north, "even unto the great river, the river Euphrates" on the east, "and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun on the west." Here we have the world's characteristics set forth: 1) its barrenness; 2) its power; 3) its prosperity; and 4) its restlessness.

God's people are like a garden enclosed, surrounded by a world with which they can have nothing in common.

There would be conflict for there were enemies there, and so it is that in this sense Canaan is not our heavenly rest. It is really our entering into our heavenly portion now. We have spiritual enemies, "for we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but . . . against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" (Eph. 6:12). Satan opposes all that is of God, and we need the whole armour of God to withstand in the evil day (Eph. 6:13).

But, dear Christian, are not Christ and the blessings He gives worth all the conflict? And for us victory is assured: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so will I be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

Three times the Lord cheers Joshua with the words, "Be strong and of a good courage." How precious is His promise to be with us all the way home.

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